From the Darling Ranges to the Swan

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Recommended Citation
Retrieved from http://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol8/iss1/7
After thirty-eight years in Darlington, a place of roads as steep as learning, scarps as dense as love, paths meandering like amity, dwellings as manifold as interpretation, Alas moved to Ballajura. Surveying her losses and gains, she stretched to see what could be gleaned from this territory of sand, lakes, plains. Of the frost or fire brood, nurture saw her mood grow from sad to glad – interested, rather than authoritarian. This house with a garden, a verandah, a garage and gates, smiles at her and at visitors who will note the difference between argument and discontent, find rigour in dissent and go for a spell in the garden where shallots, chillies, parsley, lemons, lettuce and kale provide vitamin A and C — where daisies, a daffodil, a plane tree, a banksia, a melaleuca, geraniums, and a hibiscus offer vitamin be and see. Returning inside, looking at her book shelves carrying volumes speaking of pleas for understanding, has her write, when solitary again, that without a dweller there could not be a sojourner, without a sojourner no country to traverse, without country no writers to cast an eye on eaves and leaves.